

Will Byers, Loser by hanger

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Summary: Will Byers is a Loser AU After IT and s2 of ST Joyce Byers doesn't want to stay in Hawkins after Will "got lost in the woods." Will wants to leave Hawkins, but not his friends. He is happy it'll be less dangerous in Maine, though. At least, he thought it would be, but he's started to see this strange clown everywhere... (all cursing censored)

Will Byers, Loser

Will woke up in a strange house early in the morning, just after the sun came up. He had a moment of panic, at first not remembering where he was. After half a second of confusion, he remembered. Derry, Maine. The town that was supposed to be his new home. Will sighed and sat up, his back sore from having to sleep on the floor. The Byers's furniture wasn't supposed to arrive until Tuesday, aka tomorrow. This thought made Will mentally groan. It was Monday. This meant that Will would start at his new middle school today. He was slightly bitter that his mom was giving him no time to settle in, but apparently, since he was getting to school in the middle of May, he needed to start right away. He didn't know why he couldn't just wait until next year honestly.

Will reluctantly got up from the blanket spread out on the floor that was his temporary bed. He slowly got ready for the day, his progress hindered by having to search through boxes. He dressed in a plaid shirt and a pair of worn jeans, not too concerned with making a good impression on everyone at the middle school. He hoped that his family wouldn't actually stay here for long. He didn't really like this town, even though he's only seen glimpses of it from the car window. There was just something about it...

Will shook his head to clear his thoughts. He just had to get through today. He eventually finished his morning routine and checked the clock. Seven fifteen. He had another forty-five minutes before school started, but he had to get there half an hour early so the principal could show him and his mom around.

After a quick breakfast and a fairly short drive, Will arrived at Derry Middle. Yay. The principal showed him around, nothing remarkable happened. A chubby kid smiled kindly at him in the hall, but that was about all. The place didn't even have an AV club, so there was no chance Will would be able to make friends. He should just accept that now. It would save him both time and effort.

"Are you ready for your class, Mr. Byers?" The principal asked, looking a bit bored with Will, like he wanted to move on to a more interesting student. Principal Ridgway didn't know that Will was

probably the most interesting thing to have stepped foot in Hawkins. Well, third most interesting after Pennywise and-

Will sat down in the nearest available seat and tried not to make eye contact with any of his peers. He felt as though every pair of eyes were drilling a hole in him and trying to take a peek at his brain. He never wanted anyone to look at his brain, he was too afraid it would be different after everything he's gone through. More than anything in the world, Will wanted to be normal.

"Hey Haystack, looks like you aren't the new kid anymore!" The voice came from a boy who was Will's age, but much taller, with thick glasses that magnified his eyes and unruly black hair.

"Thank go- oh sorry Stan. Thank gosh."

"You know I don't actually mind-" The one the previous boy had called Stan cut himself off with the shake of his head. "Nevermind."

"M-m-m-maybe we should try t-t-t-talking to t-t-t-talking to him," A boy with dark red hair managed to get out.

"Richie, you go talk to him," a small boy with a fanny pack said, "You're more experienced talking to guys than us." The little one smirked, but if it was a joke, no one else in the group got it.

"Maybe I will go talk to him. Hey new kid! Get the f*** over here!"

"Richie, wait-" The small boy said, seemingly regretful of the apparent joke he made. Will met Richie's eye, who smirked and started weaving through the chairs to get to him, despite the other's protest.

"Ello gov'nah, welcome to Derry my good chap," Richie said in an awful British accent. His friends came up behind him, most of them with an apologetic look in their eyes. Will surveyed them quickly. The fanny pack get was short, even shorter than Will, with dark hair and freckles. The one with the stutter and auburn hair looked slightly shy, but held himself with confidence. Stan had tightly curled hair with a kippah resting on top. The last one to make his way over was the chubby one, who generally just looked like a friendly person.

"Uh, thanks?" Will said hesitantly, his voice coming out quiet. He still wasn't completely comfortable around strangers, not since everything that happened.

"You're welcome. So, did you know this sh*tty town is cursed? It-

"Richie!" Everyone said, almost simultaneously, but Richie kept going.

"-is haunted by an evil ghost that kills children. Scared?"

"I can handle a ghost," he said with a small smile. Richie smiled back, though his smile kind of scared Will. He felt like this boy might get him in a lot of trouble one day.

"Great. Welcome to the Loser's Club, *sshole."